

GRAND CHORAL INAUGURATION

OF THE

GREAT ORGAN,

BY THE

Handel and Haydn Society,

ASSISTED BY

Miss J. E. HOUSTON, Soprano,

Mr. LYMAN W. WHEELER,

And a FULL ORCHESTRA,

AT THE BOSTON MUSIC HALL,

On SATURDAY EVENING, NOV. 28, 1863.

(The proceeds of the evening to be devoted toward the extinguishment of the Organ Debt.)

On this occasion the **HANDEL AND HAYDN SOCIETY** have volunteered their services, and will perform the following appropriate and attractive programme.

Mr. LYMAN W. WHEELER, who also renders voluntary assistance on this occasion, will make his first appearance since his return from Europe, in the Tenor Songs of the Ode, and Hymn of Praise.

CARL ZERRAHN,..... **Conductor.**
B. J. LANG,..... **Organist.**
WM. SHULTZ,..... **Leader of Orchestra.**

E. L. Balch, Printer, 34 School St.

PROGRAMME.

PART I.

1. RELIGIOUS FESTIVAL OVERTURE: Martin Luther's Choral,
"A Strong Castle is our Lord," for Orchestra, Chorus, and Organ.
OTTO NICOLAI.
2. HALLELUJAH CHORUS from "The Messiah.".....HANDEL.
3. ODE ON ST. CECILIA'S DAY, (first time in this country,...)HANDEL.
I. OVERTURE, (transcribed,) LARGHETTO E STACCATO.
II. UN POCO LARGHETTO.

☞ The accompaniments to this Ode are transcribed for this occasion for the Organ,
by Mr. B. J. LANG.

RECIT.—From harmony, from heavenly harmony this universal frame began.

RECIT. (*Accomp.*)—When nature underneath a heap
Of jarring atoms lay,
And could not heave her head,
The tuneful voice was heard from high,
Arise, arise, ye more than dead;
Then cold and hot, and moist and dry,
In order to their station leap,
And music's power obey.

CHORUS.—From harmony, from heavenly harmony
This universal frame began.
From harmony to harmony,
Thro' all the compass of the notes it ran,
The diapason closing full in man.

AIR.—What passion cannot music raise and quell?
When Jubal struck the chorded shell,
His listening brethren stood around,
And, wond'ring, on their faces fell,
To worship the celestial sound.
Less than a God, they thought, there could not dwell,
Within the hollow of that shell,
That spoke so sweetly and so well.

AIR AND CHORUS.

The trumpet's loud clangor excites us to arms,
With shrill notes of anger and mortal alarms,
The double double beat of the thundering drums,
Cries hark! hark! the foes come—
Charge! charge! 'tis too late to retreat.

MARCH.

AIR.—The soft complaining flute,
In dying notes discovers
The woes of hopeless lovers,
Whose dirge is whispered by the warbling lute.

AIR.—Sharp violins proclaim
Their jealous pangs and desperation;
Fury, frantic, indignation, depth of pains,
And height of passion for the fair disdainful dame.

AIR.—But O ! what art can teach,
What human voice can reach
The sacred organ's praise ?
Notes inspiring holy love,
Notes that wing their heavenly ways
To join the choirs above.

AIR.—(*Alla Hornpipe.*)

Orpheus could lead the savage race,
And trees unrooted left their place,
Sequacious of the lyre.

RECIT. (*Accomp.*)

But bright Cecilia raised the wonder high,
When to her organ vocal breath was given,
An angel heard, and straight appeared,
Mistaking earth for heaven.

SOLO AND CHORUS.

As from the power of sacred lays
The spheres began to move ;
And sang the great Creator's praise
To all the blessed above ;
So when the last and dreadful hour
This crumbling pageant shall devour,
The trumpet shall be heard on high,
The dead shall live, the living die,
And Music shall untune the sky.

PART II.

Mendelssohn's Hymn of Praise, (*Lobgesang.*)

SYMPHONIA.

I. MAESTOSO CON MOTO.

II. ALLEGRETTO UN POCO AGITATO.

III. ADAGIO RELIGIOSO.

THE CANTATA.

CHORUS.—All men, all things, all that has life and breath, sing to the Lord, Hallelujah. Praise the Lord with lute and harp, in joyful song extol Him ;—and let all flesh magnify His might and His glory. Praise the Lord with lute and harp, and let all flesh worship the Lord. All that has life and breath, sing to the Lord.

AIR (*Miss Houston*) and CHORUS, (*Soprani and Alt.*).—Praise thou the Lord, O my spirit, and my inmost soul praise His great loving kindness.—Praise thou the Lord, O my spirit, and forget thou not all His benefis. Praise thou the Lord, O my spirit.

RECITATIVE AND AIR (*Mr. Wheeler*).—Sing ye praise, all ye redeemed of the Lord, redeemed from the hand of the foe, from your distress, from deep affliction, who sat in the shadow of death and darkness. All ye that cry in trouble unto the Lord, sing ye praise ! give ye thanks ! proclaim aloud His goodness ! He counteth all your sorrows in the time of need. He comforts the bereaved with His regard. Sing ye praise, give ye thanks, proclaim aloud His goodness.

CHORUS.—All ye that cried unto the Lord, in distress and deep affliction. He counteth all your sorrows. He counteth all your sorrows in the time of need.

DUET (Miss HOUSTON, Mrs. FISKE), and CHORUS.—I waited for the Lord. He inclined unto me; He heard my complaint. O blest are they that hope and trust in the Lord.

AIR (Mr. WHEELER).—The sorrows of death had closed all around me, and hell's dark terrors had got hold upon me, with trouble and deep heaviness. But said the Lord, Come, arise from the dead, and awake thou that sleepest; I bring thee salvation.

—We called through the darkness, Watchman, will the night soon pass? The Watchman only said, Though the morning will come, the night will come also. Ask ye, inquire ye, ask if ye will, inquire ye, return again, ask: Watchman, will the night soon pass?.....

Soprano.—The night is departing!

CHORUS.—The night is departing; the day is approaching. Therefore let us cast off the works of darkness, and let us gird on the armor of light. The night is departing.

CHORAL.—Let all men praise the Lord,
In worship lowly bending,
On his most holy word;
Redeem'd from love depending,
He gracious is, and just,
From childhood us doth lead,
On him we place our trust,
And hope in time of need.
Glory and praise to God
The Father, Son, be given,
And to the Holy Ghost,
On high enthroned in heaven.
Praise to the three-one God,
With powerful arm and strong,
He changeth night to day,
Praise him with grateful song!

DUET (Miss HOUSTON and Mr. WHEELER).—My song shall always be thy mercy, singing thy praise, thou only God. My tongue ever speak the goodness thou hast done unto me. I wander in night and foulest darkness, and mine enemies stand threatening around; yet called I upon the name of the Lord, and he redeemed me with watchful goodness. My song shall always be thy mercy, singing thy praise, O God!

CHORUS.—Ye nations, Ye monarchs, Thou heaven, The whole earth, offer to the Lord glory and might. O give thanks to the Lord, praise Him all ye people, and ever praise His holy name. Sing ye the Lord and ever praise His holy name.

All that has life and breath, sing to the Lord. Hallelujah! sing to the Lord!

